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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miscellaneous Translations from Oriental Languages. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 246. Published for the Oriental Translation Fund. London, 1834. Bentley.

The present volume contains six articles from various languages, and of various interest; the first, however, the "Genealogical Catalogue of the Kings of Armenia, by Prince Hubboff," stands paramount, not only from the nature of its subject, but as being one of the first attempts at opening a rich mine of oriental literature hitherto almost, if not entirely, neglected.

When we consider the very high station among ancient nations which Armenia once occupied, how much its history is interwoven with that of Lydia, Persia, Syria, Greece, and Morocco, and that it was one of the first to adopt the Christian religion, our surprise will only be the more increased. It is to be regretted that so fertile a field should have lain so long fallow; but we trust that the present specimen is but a prelude to the production of many more efforts to throw light upon so interesting an inquiry. Literature owes a deep debt of gratitude to the excellent institution under whose auspices it appears.

The author, with a very landable degree of moderation and consideration for his readers, is content to date the antiquity of his nation only from the deluge and sons of Noah, commencing with the year of the world 2263. In the year 2885, Haik, the first Armenian monarch, commenced his reign at the very juvenile age of 352, and maintained his throne for eighty years. After him we have little more than a catalogue of names, interspersed here and there with a few fabulous incidents not possessing any very great interest. Our author informs us that the celebrated Mithridates was son-in-law of Tigran, the second king of Armenia, who conferred on him the crown of Pontus. The following account of his death differs from that given by the Greek and Roman authors:—

"After Mithridates had distinguished himself by various great exploits, he was at last brought to an untimely end through the malice of his sons, who obliged him to take poison (5140). He first gave some of it to his wives and daughters, and then drank it himself. But as his soul delayed its flight on account of the strength of his bodily constitution, he killed himself with the assistance of his soldier, and with difficulty let go his powerful spirit, in the year of the world 5140."

Abgarus is a name familiar to us from his connexion with the history of our Saviour. The circumstance of his sending letters to Jesus Christ, and his subsequent conversion, are thus related by Prince Hubboff:—

"The deputies of Abgar, having both heard of the miracles performed by Christ, and themselves been eye-witnesses of them in Jerusalem, came and gave information thereof to Abgar. When he heard of these miracles, his heart was strongly impressed with the conviction

that Jesus must be the true Son of God. At that time he laboured under a severe disease, which had afflicted him during seven years, and no one could heal it. But he waited in faith and hope for a cure from Christ; and not being able to go himself, he sent Anane in his stead, as ambassador to the Saviour, with a letter to the following purport:—'Abgar, son of Arsham, and king of Armenia, wishes health to the beneficent Saviour Jesus, who has appeared in the country of Judea. I have heard of thee, and the cures wrought by thy hand; for it is said that thou restorest sight to the blind, causest the lame to walk, cleansest those afflicted with leprosy, castest out unclean spirits; and, however long continued the disease under which a person may have laboured, thou healest it, and also raisest the dead to life. When I had heard all these things concerning thee, I concluded either that thou wert God himself come down from heaven, or else the Son of God. Therefore I have now written unto thee, beseeching thee to come and heal the disease by which I am afflicted. I have also heard that the Jews are rising against thee, and seeking to kill thee; but there is a small beautiful town here, which will suffice for us both,' &c. He sent gifts by the hand of his ambassadors to the Lord in the temple, and ordered a painter of the name of Ivaness to accompany them. Perhaps this Ivaness was in reality Anane himself; for it is said that he also was a painter. Abgar instructed these persons, that if the Saviour would not vouchsafe to visit him, they should at least take his likeness, in order that they might place it before him to heal him of his disease. The messengers arrived in Judea on the day of Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Their desire to see Jesus is mentioned by the holy Evangelist John, chap. xii. v. 20. 'There were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast. The same came therefore to Philip which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' Philip cometh and telleth Andrew, and again Andrew and Philip told Jesus. And Jesus answered them, saying, 'The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified.' Truly the hour was come for praising the most glorious Son of God. That hour of universal joy was at hand, in which he would redeem the most holy bride by his blood, and attach himself, by his sufferings on the cross, to the holy virgin church. He longed for this time with inexpressible ardour, in which he intended to display his infinite love to mankind by the extension of his world-creating hands upon the cross. Jesus Christ ordered the apostle Thomas to write an answer to Abgar, to the following effect:—'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed. Those who see me will not believe in me; but many of those who do not see me shall believe and live. You wish that I should go to you; but it behoves me to perform in this place all those things for the sake of which I have been sent to Jerusalem. When I have finished

them, then I shall ascend to him that sent me. After my ascension, I shall send thee one of my disciples, who will heal thy disease, and bestow eternal life upon thee and those that are with thee.' The painter aforementioned made many attempts, but without effect, to draw a correct likeness of our Saviour. But Jesus being willing to satisfy the desire of Abgar and of the painter, took a clean handkerchief, and applied it to his divine countenance. In that same hour, by a miraculous power, his features and likeness were represented on the handkerchief. Hedren says, that 'He affixed his seal to the corner of it in seven letters, representing these words, 'A miracle performed by God.' Jesus gave the handkerchief to the ambassadors of Abgar, that they might deliver it to him along with the said letter. After the ascension of Christ, Thaddæus went to Edessa, according to our Saviour's command, and healed Abgar of his sickness. He also baptised him and the rest of the inhabitants, who all became true believers. Abgar placed the most holy image made without hands, with great veneration, in a gilded case, and on the frame cut out these words: 'He who trusts in the Lord shall not be disappointed.' This first believing king ordered that the entrances to the idolatrous temples should be blocked up for ever, and that the idols carved out on the walls and pillars should be destroyed. He overturned the unclean statues of the Grecian deities which he found on the gates of Edessa, and put up the above-mentioned image in their stead, for the adoration of the passers-by. He also built a magnificent church, and called it by a certain name, which signified 'The falling asleep of the mother of God.' Being desirous to extend the religion of Christ, he addressed the Roman emperor Tiberius on the subject, by letter, advising him to revenge the death of Christ upon Pilate and the Jews, and that he should himself believe in Christ. Tiberius returned an answer, that he was willing to believe; but that it was a common rule among the Romans to acknowledge no one as a deity until approved of by the senate. He even endeavoured to persuade Artashes, king of Persia, to adopt the Christian religion. Indeed, during the space of nearly forty years, he ceased not to exhort every one with as firm a faith as if he had himself been an apostle of Christ."

Mount Ararat was of course an object of peculiar veneration among the Armenian Christians; and to decide their disputes with the infidels, an attempt was made to ascend it for the purpose of procuring a portion of the ark. According to our next extract, it proved unsuccessful as respected the attainment of the summit.

"It is attested by fifteen historians, and particularly by Theodoros and Theophanes, that at this period the holy patriarch, James of Mitsin, cousin of St. Gregory, was desirous to settle the disputes of the heathens, who did not believe in the universal deluge, nor that the Ark of Noah rested on Mount Ararat; and therefore he attempted, with great labour and

fervent zeal, to reach the top of the mountain with his ecclesiastics, that he might obtain a piece of the ark to convince them. James and his attendants several times reached the middle of the mountain; but when they looked up, they seemed to be no nearer the top than when they began the ascent.* In this manner they spent ten days without either eating or drinking, and were at last so exhausted by thirst, that they earnestly entreated the patriarch for a supply of water. He fell upon his knees, and after he had offered up a prayer, and prostrated himself three times upon the ground, a fountain of water broke out on the spot, and relieved their thirst. The fountain exists even to this day, and performs miracles. The patriarch now heard the voice of an angel exclaiming, 'James! James!' He answered, 'I am here, Lord!' The angel said, 'Arise! take this piece of wood which is beside thee, and hasten back, for thou canst not go beyond this place; because the road is blocked up.' The patriarch hastened to Armenia with the piece of wood, by means of which he performed miracles, such as raising the dead to life, healing decayed limbs, walking on the water as if upon dry land, &c."

The following is an account of the miraculous preservation of the city of Edessa from the besieging force of Khorosrov.

"In the reign of the Emperor Justinian, the city of Edessa was besieged by Khorosrov, king of Persia; but being informed that the city must of necessity remain unhurt, because it had received a blessing from Christ the Saviour, and could not be conquered by its enemies, he was much grieved, and set about contriving various methods to destroy the wall. But the affrighted inhabitants turned to God for help. That same night there appeared to Bishop Evghagh a certain beautiful woman, who stated that under the town gate was an image of Christ the Saviour suspended on the wall. 'Take it,' said the woman, 'from that place, for by it you shall obtain deliverance.' On removing the wall the bishop actually found the image; and beside it was a lamp that had continued burning since the time of Addeus the patriarch, a space of 565 years! The bishop received this image with joy, and hastened with it to the very place where the unbelievers had already dug under the walls, below which they were in the act of placing fires. He let fall a drop of the oil that burned in the lamp upon the enemy's fire, and in a moment the flame burst forth, spread itself in all directions, and consumed the enemy, who endeavoured in vain to reach the Christians. By these and the like miracles, the enemy suffered great damage, and were at last forced to take refuge in flight."

Our readers will perceive that the prince has a considerable penchant for the marvellous; and his work on that account, though the less veracious, is the more entertaining. He concludes his history with the extinction of the kingdom (A.D. 1393). As the translator observes in his preface, it is not to be considered as by any means a fair specimen of the literature of Armenia: we hope, therefore, that it will not be long ere we see an English version of the histories written by Elisha Lazar Pharbetsi, and other eminent Armenians, in order that we may have a better opportunity of forming our judgment.

The length to which our article has already extended precludes our doing more than barely

enumerating the remaining contents of the volume. They are as follow:

"II. An account of the siege and reduction of Chaitur by the Emperor Akbar.—From the Akbar-namah of Shaikh Abul-Fazl.—Translated by Major David Price.

"III. Short history of the secret motives which induced the deceased Alemdar Mustafá Páshá, and the leaders of the imperial camp, to march from the city of Adrianople to Constantinople, with the stratagems they employed in order to depose Sultan Mustafá, and restore to the throne Sultan Selim the martyr, in the year (of the Hijra) twelve hundred and twenty-two.

"IV. The ritual of the Budd'hist priesthood.—Translated from the original Páli work, entitled Karmawákya, by the Rev. Benjamin Clough, C. M. R. A. S., Wesleyan missionary, Ceylon.

"V. Translation of an extract from a horticultural work, in Persian, by Baboo Radhakant Deb, of Calcutta.

"VI. Account of the grand festival held by the Amir Timúr on the plains of Kánéh Gul, or Mine of Roses, after his return from Asia Minor, and the defeat of Ilderum Báyzád, or Bajazet, A.H. 803.—Translated from the Mulfúzát Timúri, or life of Timúr, written by himself, by Colonel Francklin."

The first two possess considerable interest, and the others are highly curious, especially the Budd'hist ritual. To these we may possibly recur at a future opportunity.

Translations into English Verse from the Poems of Davydh ap Gwilym, a Welsh Bard of the Fourteenth century. 12mo. pp. 129. London, 1834. Hooper.

WE especially delight in the age of ballad poetry—that sweet singing nurse which rocked the cradle of all modern literature. Picturesque, descriptive, and tender, our old songs are as charming for their own touches of beauty and nature as they are valuable for the light they throw on the general feeling and manners of their time. The present volume is a little treasure, and contains a curious memoir, and some graceful versions of poems by a Welsh bard, to whom was applied the title of the Patriarch of Wales. His biography is so amusing and characteristic, that we must give at least a portion of it. Davydh was well connected; and we are told—

"Ivor, deservedly surnamed Hael, or 'the generous,' received his young kinsman with an affectionate kindness, which he even carried so far as to appoint him his steward, and the instructor of his only daughter, although Davydh ap Gwilym's qualifications for these duties were not, it is probable, at that time of the most obvious character. At least, the inconvenient effects of one of these appointments was too soon apparent, in the reciprocal attachment that grew up between the poet and his fair charge. The precise nature of Ivor's conduct towards the former on the discovery of this circumstance is not known; but he appears to have treated him with an indulgence which his own regard for the enamoured tutor could alone explain. He is recorded, however, to have been somewhat severe in the treatment of his daughter, whom he forthwith conveyed to a convent in the island of Anglesea. Thither she was followed by her devoted swain, who, in the humble capacity of a servant at a neighbouring monastery, consoled himself during his hours of disappointed love by offering to his mistress the tributes of his muse—all he had then to bestow; and several poems of considerable beauty

are still extant, which he may be supposed to have written during this period.

"*The Bard sends a Love Messenger to lure the Nun to the Grove.*

True messenger of love—away!
And from the Marches bring in May.
Thou truant! thou wert not at hand
When most the bard in need did stand
Of thy tame wings! Oh, seek once more
The place thou visitest of yore:
Thou of fair form and flight sublime,
Visit the damsels white as lime!
If in the churchyard thou shouldst meet
The 'gaoiler' of the maiden, greet
(The poet's treasure, fair and fleet!)
Her ears with 'psalms' of all the ills
With which that maid my bosom fills!
Blessed nuns, fair saints from every land,
In their bright cells my suit withstand:
Those sacred snow-hued virgins, white
As gossamer on mountain height:
Those maidens, like swallows to behold,
Those holy damsels of the choir,
Sisters to Morvyth, bright as gold!
Oh, visit her, at my desire,
And if thy efforts vain should be
To lure her from the priory,
And thou the snow-complexioned maid
With songs of praise canst not persuade
Her lover in the grove to meet,
Then carry her upon thy feet—
Delude the nun who in yon shrine
Rings the small bell!—the abbess cheat!—
Before the summer morn shall shine
With pure white ray, the black robed nun
To the green woodland must be won!

"At length, apparently weary of his fruitless fidelity, he returned to the hospitable mansion of his patron; and the welcome manner in which he seems to have been again received, proves that his affection for the daughter had not produced any serious displeasure on the part of the father; however, from motives of prudence, the latter might have thought it advisable to discountenance the attachment. The young poet seems also at this period to have been reconciled to his parents, between whose house and Maesleg his time was divided. During his second residence with Ivor, Davydh ap Gwilym must in all probability have devoted much attention to the cultivation of his favourite pursuit, since we find him about this period elected to fill the post of chief bard of Glamorgan. His poetical reputation made him also a welcome, and in some respects a necessary guest, at the festivals which, in those long-departed days of social cheer and princely hospitality, were common in the houses of the higher orders in Wales. The mansions of Ivor Hael and Llywelyn ap Gwilym were the frequent scenes of these festive assemblies, at which particular respect was shewn to the sons of the *awen*: and here it was that Davydh ap Gwilym seems to have had the first opportunity of signalling himself among his bardic compeers in those poetical contests, formerly so frequent in Wales, and which are not even now wholly discontinued. It was at Emlyn, the seat of his uncle Llywelyn, that on one of these occasions the deep-rooted enmity which existed between him and a brother bard, named Rys Meigan, had its origin, and became the fertile source of the most satirical and even virulent strains on both sides. The laurel in this 'war of words' was, however, finally adjudged to the subject of this memoir, whose antagonist is even reported to have fallen dead on the spot, a victim to the unendurable poignancy of our poet's satire. Strange and incredible as this incident may appear, it is, in a great measure, confirmed by one of Davydh ap Gwilym's effusions, in which he alludes, with some minuteness, to the extraordinary occurrence. When Davydh ap Gwilym grew up to manhood, his handsome person and accomplishments rendered him a great favourite with the fair in every part of the country. According to traditional accounts recorded in the age of Eliza-

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* "Many of the Armenians continue to this day to think that the summit of Mount Ararat is inaccessible; but Mr. Barrot, a German traveller, succeeded some years ago in reaching the top of that mountain, in company with an Armenian vardapet or deacon.—Translator."

both, he was tall and of a slender make, with yellow hair flowing about his shoulders in beautiful ringlets; and he says himself that the girls, instead of attending to their devotion, used to whisper at church that he had his sister's hair on his head. His dress was agreeable to the manner of the age—long trousers, close jacket, tied round with a sash, suspending a sword of no inconsiderable length, and over the whole a loose flowing gown trimmed with fur, with a round cap or bonnet on his head; these he took pains to make showy, for he was inclined to vie in that respect with the beaux of his time. Thus accomplished, he thought himself happier than the old Welsh princes, though they enjoyed the possession of a mansion in every district in Wales, as he fancied he might secure the affection of every beautiful maid. Every one, says our bard, has his favourite toy; and, on a whimsical occasion, he tells us he was 'the toy of the fair,' and his temper, full of ardour and levity as it was, naturally disposed him to make an extravagant use of the high esteem in which he stood with his countrywomen. Tradition has preserved a ludicrous instance of his frolics in this respect, which, whether authentic or not, is perfectly consistent with the powerful but reckless vein of humour that pervades his poems. The following is a brief detail of this incident. Davyth ap Gwilym—so runs the tale—paid his addresses to no fewer than twenty-four damsels at the same time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an appointment with each, unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, fixing the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding that not one of his faithful innamorates failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took the place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, he had before yielded; and when at length the stratagem of which they had been the dupes became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, which they failed not to vent in reproaches loud and long. The author of the plot, who, from his ambush above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or at least to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair ones, which even extended to his life, in an extemporaneous stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea—

'Oh! let the fair and gentle one
Who oft best by the summer sun—
To meet me in these shades was won—
Let her strike first; and she will find
The poet to his fate resigned!'

The effect was such as our poet had perhaps anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were hushed about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape unmolested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature."

Lover-like attention ill requited.—"Morvyth was the daughter of Madog Lawgam, a gentle-

man of Anglesea, and was in every point of view the Laura of our Cambrian Petrarch. His first interview with this lady was at Rhosyr, in Anglesea, where, by some means, he attracted her notice. He says, in a poem on the occasion, that he sent a present of wine to her, and she slighted the offer so much as to throw it over the servant who brought it."

She, however, thought better of the matter afterwards:

"The bard and Morvyth were united in a manner not uncommon in those days. They repaired to the grove with their friend Madog Benfras, an eminent bard, who exercised the sacred functions on this occasion, in the presence only of the winged choristers of the woods; one of which, the thrush (the bridegroom says), was the clerk. They now considered themselves as one, and their subsequent conduct confirmed it in every respect; but the relations of Morvyth, disliking the union, encouraged a wealthy decrepid old man, Cynfrig Cynin, before alluded to, to become a rival of the bard; and they concerted their plan so well as to take Morvyth away from the latter, and to get her formally married to Cynfrig Cynin, agreeably to the rules of the church. But the remainder of the life of Little Hunchback was spent in watchings and jealousy, which furnished a favourite subject for the muse of his rival; though it proved to him also a source of endless troubles, as, considering Morvyth still his own, he missed no opportunity of procuring an interview, till, at length, he found means to run away with her. But after strict search the fugitives were found, and once more separated; and our bard, being rigorously prosecuted by Hunchback, was fined in a very heavy penalty; which being unable to pay, he was imprisoned. In such esteem, however, was the poet held by his countrymen, that the county of Glamorgan released him from confinement by discharging the fine. It is said that he had nearly taken Morvyth away a second time; and a friend asking him if he would again run the hazard which such a step must expose him to, which had once cost him so dearly, he answered—'Yes, I will, in the name of God and the men of Glamorgan!' which expression became a proverb for a long time after."

"Davyth was equally attached to friendship and the muse. Two contemporary poets were his intimate companions, each of whom wrote an elegy on his death. One was Madog Benfras, occasionally mentioned before, who had a soul congenial with that of our bard, and like him was a favourite with his fair countrywomen. The other was Gruffydd Gryg, of Anglesea, a bard of great genius and learning. Between Davyth ap Gwilym and the latter there appears to have been a rivalry for fame, which gave rise to a poetical contention that began in consequence of a poem written by Gruffydd Gryg, ridiculing our bard for being so great a slave to the charms of Morvyth. This dispute produced several masterly compositions, of which a specimen will be found in this collection. After the contest had been carried on for a long time, and excited the attention of the whole country, though each party was unwilling to give way, one Bola Baul laid a wager with another person, that he would effect an accommodation between them. To bring about his purpose, Bola Baul went into North Wales, and industriously spread a report that 'Davyth ap Gwilym, the Demetian bard, was dead.' On hearing this news, Gruffydd Gryg was so affected, that, forgetting every other feeling, in the poignancy of his grief he composed an elegy, bewailing the supposed loss of his rival in the

most affectionate terms. Bola Baul, having previously contrived to get a similar account of the death of Gruffydd Gryg circulated in South Wales, returned thither, and was pleased to find it had had the same effect on Davyth ap Gwilym, he having also produced an elegy on his rival. Bola Baul succeeded according to his expectation; for the contending parties, on each discovering the real sentiments of his opponent, and being brought to a delicate dilemma, though they laughed at the stratagem which had created it, from that time became warm friends."

We now proceed to his poetry. The two first poems celebrate the munificence of his early friend Ivor:—

"To Ivor the Generous.
(On the Bard going on his 'Clara' to North Wales.)

I obtained from thee the gifts I desired,
Kind words and silver,
And pure gold,
And gay French arms;
Abundance of meat and wine;
Jewels fit for a second Taliesin."

"The Gloves.

All who Ivor's palace leave,
Gold from Ivor's hand receive.
On the day the poet went
From his halls, the baron sent
Gloves, replete with precious store,
(To the bard) of radiant ore;
On the better hand bestowed
Gold—the left with silver glowed;
From his grasp these gloves to gain
Maidens oft have vied in vain;
For the bard, to fair or friend,
Ivor's gift will never lend."

"To Dyddgu.

Thou dear perfect Dyddgu, thou lamp of my heart!
That rulest my thoughts with thy wiles and thy art;
I am none of your lovers who gravely revere
Every nobly-born damsel, as stiff as a spear.
I leave the mad squirrel to clamber and climb,
Mid brushwood, and brambles, and branches sublime:
The squirrel may scramble so high up the tree
That he cannot come down—but no climbing for me!
I leave the rash sailor the ocean to sweep,
With a puny inch plank between him and the deep:
Let him rove till he tires o'er his perilous track—
A proverb of luck if he ever comes back.
The archer, who aims at the target his blow,
Flings the dust from his arrow, the dust from his bow;
And rarely he poises his arrow in vain,
If he aim but aright, if he shoot but with pain.
But, poor bard! if one maiden but fail to his lot
In a thousand—alas, 'tis a mere random shot!
Thou girl with the eye-brow so arched and thin,
Thrice happy the man who thy beauty shall win;
Thou wilt not be mine for abundance of song—
I know that thou wilt not, while thou art yet young;
But still I despair not, enchanter divine!
When nobody 'll have thee, thou then shalt be mine!"

"The Coronet of Peacock's Plumes.
(Morvyth's Present to the Bard.)

One glorious morn, beneath the grove,
To Morvyth many a lay I wove,
'Maid of my heart, Oh twine,' I said,
'One rural garland for my head;
One verdant mantle, to be
This hour of rapture's memory!'
'Dear bard, 'twere cruelty to tear
Yon lonely birch's glossy hair—
Yon anchorite chain'd the cliff along—
I'll pay with nobler gift thy song.'
My lady's hand my locks has set
With varied pinnales of gold—
A proud immortal coronet,
Glean'd from the peacock's sunny fold!
To join those plumes with magic hand
Were work befitting monarch's hand;
Those gems of air—those floating flowers—
Those lamps to light my bardic hours—
Those tiny palaces o'erspread
With eyes—as of the mighty dead!
N'er shall the poet's forehead lose
The mirror of their living hues.
All things of loveliness have met
In this my Morvyth's coronet!

Coronet for summer skies,
I will keep thy green array,
Though in fear my footsteps flie.
Fragment of the robes of May!
Charm that feast love from care!
Tent above the forehead fair—
Dawn of rare affection's art—
Beauteous symbol of the heart—
Girdle for the dresses wove
From the white locks of the grove!"

"May and November."

Sweet May, ever welcome! the palace of leaves
Thy hand for thy wild band of choristers weaves;
Proud knight, that subdueth with glory and power
Each glen into verdure, to joy every bower;
That maketh the wilderness laugh and rejoice
In the chains of thy love, in thy cuckoo's shrill voice,
That fillest the heart of the lover with glee,
And bringest my Morvyn's dear image to me.
Alas that dark Winter thy mansions should blight
With his chill mottled show'rs, and his flickering light;
His moon that gleams wanly through snows falling fast,
His pale mist that floats on the wings of the blast;
With the voice of each river more fearfully loud—
Every torrent all foam, and the heaven all cloud!
Alas that stern Winter has power to divide
Each lover from hope—from the poet his bride!"

One peculiar beauty of our poet is, his quick perception of natural imagery. We subjoin some exquisite bits of description.

"The Bloom."

Its every branch is deftly strung
With twigs and foliage lithe and young;
And when May comes upon the trees
To paint her verdant liveries,
Gold on each thread-like sprig will glow,
To honour her who reigns below.
Green is that arboreal to behold,
And on its withes thick showers of gold!
Joy to the poet and the maid
Whose paradise is yonder shade!
Oh, flowers of noblest splendour! these
Are summer's frost-work on the trees!
A field the lovers now possess,
With saffron o'er its verdure roll'd;
A house of passing loveliness,
A fabric of Arabia's gold;
Bright golden tissue, glorious tent
Of Him who rules the firmament,
With roof of various colours blent!
An angel, mid the woods of May,
Embroidered it with radiance gay."

"The Holly Grove."

Sweet holly grove, that soarest
A woodland fort, an armed bower!
In front of all the forest
Thy coral-loaded branches tower.
Thou shrine of love, whose depth defies
The axe—the tempest of the skies;
Whose boughs in winter's frost display
The brilliant livery of May—
Grove from the precipice suspended,
Like pillars of some holy fane,
With notes amid thy branches blended,
Like the deep organ's solemn strain!"

"The Mist."

Fleece of the rock—cowl of the heav'n—
Thou banish'd wave from ocean driv'n!"

"The Cuckoo's Tale."

Hail, bird of sweet melody! heav'n is thy home:
With the tidings of summer thy bright pinions roam—
The summer that thickens with foliage the glade,
And lures to the woodland the poet and maid."

"To the Wind."

Bodiless glory of the sky,
That wingless, footless, stern, and loud,
Leap'st on thy starry path on high,
And chauntest mid the mountain cloud—
Fleet as the wave! and fetterless as light!"

"To the Gull."

Bird that dwellest in the spray,
White as yon moon's calm array,
Dust thy beauty ne'er may stain—
Sunbeam-gauntlet of the main!"

The translator of these poems has modestly preserved the *incognito*; but well does he merit our thanks and praise. We warmly commend this little volume to all lovers of our "ancient minstrelsy."

Tales of Woman's Trials. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 12mo. pp. 471. London, 1835. Houlston and Son.

THOUGH we do not go quite as far as a lady of our acquaintance, who says that women are the most ill-used creatures in the world, hackney-coach horses not excepted; yet we are ready to admit that they have their full share of that suffering allotted to human endurance. Upon how many mothers the whole charge of a family, as some writers says, "at once large and small," devolves, unsaid but by general sympathy. How many a girl, at an age when the many are but just emerging from the

school-room, has to supply a parent's place, and has all a parent's anxiety! In how many situations—as daughter, mother, and wife—must a woman's energies be called into action, and her principles tried to the uttermost! Such are the vicissitudes depicted in the charming volume now before us—sorrow, sin, and suffering: care that wears the spirits, and those chances of good and ill-fortune which so search the heart, are here developed with all the feeling of a woman. No one could read a single page of this work, and not perceive the sex of the writer—and we say this in praise: only a woman can throw daylight on the shadowy recesses of woman's heart. The scenes illustrated by these pages are very various: of the stories, we prefer the "Wife of Two Husbands," the "Mother," the "Curse of Property," and the "Old Maid;" we also recognise some established favourites. The following scene will give an idea of the writer's power in the more highly wrought portion:—

"Another year had passed; and again the mistress of Castle Raymond was seated alone in the same apartment in which we once saw her try on the token of her new contract. Colonel O'Donnell (for money achieves rank) had been absent on business, and his wife, more impatient than usual, awaited his return. As she threw open the casement—windows, shaded by a rich drapery of pink and silver, and stepped forth upon the marble terrace that overlooked the lawn, the beams of the harvest moon shed a flood of light and glory upon her head; yet her step was somewhat feeble, and she threw her arm round one of the pillars of the colonnade to support her in a spot where she could hear the approaching tread of his horse's hoofs, long before they entered the avenue of fragrant lime leading to the castle. Suddenly a female sprang upon the terrace, and stood beside the lady so silently, that Marian, unaccustomed as she was to fear, would have called to her servants, had not the stranger, by an energetic movement, entreated her to forbear. She looked upon the pale, attenuated figure enveloped in a deep scarlet cloak; and as the hood, which had been drawn over the woman's face, fell back, Marian thought she recognised the features. 'You've forgotten me, lady, and no wonder,' said the stranger; 'I deserve that you should; and I only pray the blessed Virgin that I wasn't myself! God break hard fortune before every honest man's child!' 'I remember you now, Mary Deane,' said Marian; 'but it is impossible for me to remember one I have been so long without seeing: can I do any thing for you, poor girl?' The woman fell at her feet, and, while she kept her cloak closely clasped around her, sobbed forth a petition, 'that she wouldn't turn *agin* her entirely, and use her worse than a dog.' She had, in truth, little reason to expect such treatment from the mistress of Castle Raymond, who, raising her from the earth, would have led her into the room she had so recently quitted, had not the girl refused to enter. 'Sure I've made an oath never to cross *his door*! and don't ask me, lady, darlint, for I'm a poor unworthy sinner—God-stricken and dying, and willin and happy to die, if I was fit; though I am young, and the only child of my father—and yet, to my sorrow, I've heard the white-headed ould man pray that I'd never been born—and worse, lady—worse nor that—I saw him' (and here her words came short and broken)—'I saw him kneel down on his own hearth-stone, and curse me and mine, lady! me and mine! Oh! why indeed was I born—why indeed was I born! Yet I call the

God who sees into my very heart this minute to witness for me, that, lady, darlint, I meant you no wrong; but he had the winning way with him, and if he could win you, no wonder he bewildered me.' 'Of whom speak you, Mary Deane?' inquired Marian, in a voice of agonising emotion, dreading she knew not what or whom; 'of whom speak you?' 'Of your husband, lady; of the father of—my child.' As she answered, her head sank upon her bosom, and throwing open the cloak that had hitherto shrouded her, discovered a sleeping boy upon her bosom. 'Tis all a falsehood—a fraud, got up to—to—drive me mad!' exclaimed Marian, 'a base lie! Woman! how dare you slander him?' 'Look at him!' replied Mary Deane—holding the child forward to where the light from a glowing lamp was streaming on the glittering pavement. Marian did look—long and anxiously look: she pushed the small round yellow curls from the boy's forehead; and as the movement fully roused him from the deep sweet sleep of infancy, he smiled in her face, and clasped his little hands in admiration of some of the rich jewels that glittered on her dress. The smile confirmed the tale, and taught the lady of that noble house that her most bitter trial was indeed arrived. Sir Charles's gallantries she had borne with fortitude; they had grievously wounded her deep sense of religion and morality—they had, moreover, wounded her woman's pride, but they had never seared her heart—they had never entered, and lacerated, and destroyed! 'Tell—tell me one thing!' she demanded of the betrayed girl, who still cowered at her feet; 'this child was born before our marriage; have you been sinless since?' A deep and bitter groan was the only answer she received. It was enough. Marian would have paced the terrace, but she felt as if rooted to the spot whereon she stood. She was iron-bound—spell-bound to the very earth. The child, still in admiration of the brilliant jewels, crept towards her. Her first feeling was to spurn—to thrust it from her; in the madness of the moment her foot was lifted to the act, but she could not—it was his child! The eye of the wretched mother had been fixed upon her infant's movements, and her sad heart beat more quickly when she saw that he was not repulsed. 'What would you with me?' inquired Marian, when she could find utterance. 'Speak, and quickly.' 'Lady, I am dying—dying of the same decline that took my mother away soon after I was born. See here!' She held forth her arms, white and fleshless; they quivered in the moonbeams. 'I am gone entirely,' continued the unfortunate, 'and so I ought to be; for the beauty he talked about went, and his love went with it, and I've been almost starvin in a strange parish; and my father's curse, and your goodness, and all together hanging over me like a ban; and I couldn't die as yet I asked yer pardon, and asked—' The mother's eye, which, still bright, gleamed like a lamp within a sepulchre, rested on her child. The glorious creature to whom she spoke understood the appeal, and, immolating all common feeling, she stooped, and kissed the forehead of the unoffending infant; her silent offering ascended to the throne of the Almighty, a record of a virtuous woman's triumph. Mary Deane knelt, as if to pray, but she could not speak; she could only weep—weep bitterly."

At the girl's entreaty, Marian accompanies her to the aged parent she had deserted—the gamekeeper of the castle.

As they crossed the park, the tread of Colonel O'Donnell's horses came suddenly upon

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them: the two females stood behind a group of sapling oaks, as he and his servant passed; they both clung to the boughs of the young trees for support; but, as they rode onwards, Mary Deane stretched forward so as to catch a look of his departing shadow, while his wife, who not an hour before had so anxiously waited his return, remained erect on the spot, more like a statue of carved marble than a thing of life, for many minutes after the sound had ceased. The old gamekeeper opened the door of his cottage himself to Marian's knock, and appeared almost terrified at seeing his mistress. His daughter had crouched behind her as she entered, and could neither stand nor speak. "I am come, Deane," said his mistress, "to ask you to forgive your penitent girl. James Deane, I have forgiven her. I have taken her child into my house, and you must not refuse her, at such a time as this, her father's blessing." The old white-headed man clasped his hands, and remained for some time silent: his wretched child crawled to his knees, and her long yellow hair entwined around his feet; she dared not look into her father's face. "Deane, Deane, I treat you—I command you to forgive her!" reiterated the lady. The old man looked as if he could scarcely comprehend her words. "Father, father! oh, quickly, for I am dying!" Mary Deane at length exclaimed. He raised her to his bosom, and as he parted the long hair that shadowed her face, her head fell upon his shoulder,—her eyes wandered,—her lips, white and livid, separated from over her teeth,—her fingers moved convulsively,—and he had just time to say, "God bless you, darling Mary!"—when she again sank upon the earthen floor;—her spirit seemed indeed departed, and Marian, with a true feeling of humanity, knelt to support her head. The dying creature opened her eyes, and, fixing their glare upon the lady's face, three or four times repeated, "Not cursed, not cursed—my boy—my child!" and expired.

Mrs. Hall's talent is chiefly shewn by her unforced recollection and descriptions of Irish manners, by the evident good feeling which marks all she writes, by her female purity of ideas, by occasional sweet touches of nature and neat traits of character, and by the elevated religious tendency of the *Trials* and their consequences to which she submits her *dramatis personæ*. In some respects we have to regret that her pictures are not more skilfully and accurately made out; or rather, that in producing works from inherent sentiment, though the general design is deserving of much commendation, the want of care or of knowledge in the accessories deteriorates their value, by impairing, if not destroying, the verisimilitude so necessary for full effect. We will illustrate what we mean by a few remarks on the first dozen or fifteen pages of these tales—the "Wife of Two Husbands,"—(not at one time, be it observed, though the title almost implies so much):

Page 1. A hawk is said to be tracing a lark's "pathway through the clouds, as the greyhound tracks the hare upon the earth." Now nothing can be more dissimilar than the two pursuits: the hawk ascends above his prey in gyrations as regular as a corkscrew—the greyhound runs after the hare as straight as an arrow, and is only foiled by the doubling of poor puss.

Page 2. The lark's nest is said to be "in the furze"—where lark never built.

Page 3. It is called a wood-lark—which is not the bird that soars to the skies, as related in all that precedes.

Page 5. A black bog stretches "in sluggish sloth," and a castle-moat is "suffocated."

Page 6,—which contains in one word, "ashes," a very clever example of the characteristic traits to which we have alluded—is blurred with having "wild enthusiasm and uncalculating habits" called the heroine's *only fault*; on which she in return remarks, "it is very strange, that while you see so many faults in me," &c. Thus two first become one, and then many.

Page 11. The Irish cottagers are paraded, and have a long dialogue about paying respect to their old landlord, as he passes by their cabin; an event of such daily occurrence, that it could not excite all this stir and preaching about "naal gentlemen," "decent blood," &c.

Page 15. Busca, a greyhound, "had long been blind, but if he had lost one sense, he gave to the other four work in proportion to make up the deficiency. He was as swift of foot as ever [quare, without running his nose into a scrape?], his scent as keen [greyhounds have no scent!], and his hearing as perfect, as when in his younger days," &c. Here are other three senses: what was the fourth?

We trust it will be seen from these few passages, that we are well founded in our calling upon Mrs. Hall to attend more strictly to the keeping of her subjects; but, at the same time, it is but justice to her to say, that the same fifteen pages contain nearly or quite as many examples of thoughts and remarks which are entitled to just praise and critical commendation.

We only make these remarks from the conviction that care is the first duty of talent; and now dismiss this work with warm commendation to our readers—to our lady ones most especially.

A Collection of Geological Facts and Practical Observations, intended to elucidate the Formation of the Ashby Coal-Field, &c. By Edward Mammatt, F.G.S. With Map, Profiles, Coloured Sections, Plates, &c. 4to. pp. 101. London, 1834. Lawford.

THIS is a simply practical work, and yet a very expensive one, upon a very popular branch of science, whereon we have had lately a more than usual quantity of new publications on which to bestow our meed of praise. Mr. Mammatt has, it appears, been forty years in collecting the materials of this work; and though there is nothing strikingly important in the geognostic features of the Ashby Coal-field, still the details and accurate sections which he has given to us are of the greatest interest, both as terms of comparison with other well-known measures, those of Newcastle or South Wales, for example, and, consequently, assisting in the foundation of a new branch of inquiry, viz. the topography of geognostic eras. As part of a labour of this kind, and as of the highest importance for practical as well as theoretical purposes, we look upon the attempt made to determine the characteristic vegetation of the different beds. This has led to the formidable number of illustrations (102) which adorn the work, and which have almost all been previously delineated and engraved; but the object is almost new, and we should like to see it applied to an increased number of localities; so that, the terms of comparison being obtained, we may be enabled to deduce some general ideas upon the character and extent of the territorial masses in which the vegetation of our coal-fields grew, and the changes which characterised those periods. We regret to find that the results of Professor Sedgwick's researches on the rocks abutting against the crystalline formations of

Charmwood Forest have not been embodied in the work. They appear to us to have definitely marked the era of the elevation of those curiously isolated mountain rocks.

In the course of the introduction the author dwells upon some elementary points in geology, more especially the amount of the action of actual causes, which, in the case of water, he carries much farther than we are inclined to do; the amount of these causes becoming daily more and more obvious in their true light. He also discusses the interesting question of the formation of ice at the bottom of rivers, to which our attention was drawn some time ago by the detail of some excellent observations made upon the subject on the Neva, at St. Petersburg. He is inclined to view the ice as formed on the surface and borne to the bottom by eddies; but his observations are not sufficiently satisfactory to have carried conviction to our minds, and caused us to reject the Neva results. The chapter on the evolution of carbureted hydrogen gas and its management is full of interest and detail. The author's experiments on the temperature of the mines, although they all, as far as recorded, appear to indicate an increase of temperature with progressive depth, do not, in his opinion, confirm that supposed law, as a great diversity of temperature ensues from various causes—as the heat of the mine, exposure to rarefied air, compression of air, more or less lengthened course of ditto, decomposition, more especially of pyrites, &c. &c. In sinking shafts, through strata yielding water, at Dorchester, and in Ashby Coal-field, to a depth varying from 500 to 800 feet, the thermometer, upon remaining in the streams, has pretty uniformly indicated 46° Fahrenheit at all depths, and under all states of the atmosphere. The remainder of this tome is occupied by the numerous plates and sections; and if it has been said that laborious monographs assist most in the advancement of other branches of science—if we have enormously expensive works illustrative of simple families of plants—we cannot see why the history of vast vegetable deposits, so interesting in their origin, and so important in their practical application, shall not be deserving of a similar attention, and be introduced in an equally showy manner to a public which is still too backward in appreciating the value of the application of the arts to science.

Tough Yarns; a Series of Naval Tales and Sketches to please all Hands, from the Swabs on the Shoulders down to the Swabs in the Head. By the Old Sailor, author of "Greenwich Hospital," &c. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 12mo. pp. 350. London, 1834. Wilson.

OUR ancient friend and contributor, "the Old Sailor," has spread his canvass again, and we have here another example of the genuine seaman's sketch, and tale, and feeling. There can be nothing more real than Mr. Barker's pictures; and when we confess that we begin to think publications reflecting naval life and manners have pretty well gone as far as the public taste can relish, we do not the less enjoy these *Tough Yarns* of our graphic favourite. And talking of "graphic"—the alliance with George Cruikshank in this volume is truly one of mutual assistance. "The Greenwich Pensioners," "the D—l in a gale of Wind," and *Jacks of all classes*, figure with most humorous and characteristic fidelity to that old and eccentric school which we trust has not yet departed from the British navy.

Where all is so worthy of quotation, it is hardly

necessary to select; our only choice is directed by the extent, to suit our own page; and with a couple of illustrations of this sort we heartily commend the work to our readers:—

"The real tar has a language peculiarly his own, and his figures of speech are perfect *stopper-knots* to the understanding of a landsman. If he speaks of his ship, his eloquence surpasses the orations of a Demosthenes, and he revels in the luxuriance of metaphor. The same powers of elocution, with precisely the same terms, are applied to his wife, and it is a matter of doubt as to which engrosses the greater portion of his affection,—to him they are both *lady-ships*. Hear him expatiate on his *little barky*, as he calls his wooden island, though she may carry a hundred-and-fifty guns and a crew of a thousand men. 'Oh! she's the *fleetest of the fleet*; sits on the water like a duck; stands under her canvass as stiff as a crutch; and turns to windward like a witch!' Of his wife he observes, 'What a clean run from stem to stern! She carries her t'gall'nt sails through every breeze, and in working hank for hank never misses stays!' He will point to the bows of his ship, and swear she is as sharp as a wedge, never stops at a sea, but goes smack through all. He looks at his wife, admires her head-gear and out-riggers, her braces and bow-lines; compares her eyes to dolphin-strikers, boasts of her fancy and fashion-pieces, and declares that she darts along with all the grace of a *bonnetta*. When he parts with his wife to go on a cruise, no tear moistens his cheek, no tremulous agitation does discredit to his manhood: there is the honest pressure of the hand, the fervent kiss, and then he claps on the topsail-halliards, or walks round at the capstan to the lively sounds of music. But when he quits his ship, the being he has rigged with his own fingers, that has stood under him in many a dark and trying hour, whilst the wild waves have dashed over them with relentless fury, then—then—the scuppers of his heart are unplugged and overflow with the soft droppings of sensibility. How often has he stood upon that deck and eyed the swelling sails, lest the breezes of heaven should

'Visit their face too roughly!'

How many hours has he stood at that helm and watched her coming up and falling off! and when the roaring billows have threatened to engulf her in the bubbling foam of the dark waters, he has eased her to the sea with all the tender anxiety that a mother feels for her first-born child. With what pride has he beheld her top the mountain wave and climb the rolling swell, while every groan of labour that she gave carried a taut strain upon his own heart-strings! Place confidence in what he says, and he will use no deception; doubt his word, and he will indulge you with some of the purest rhodomontade that ingenious fancy can invent. He will swear that he had a messmate who knew the man in the moon, and on one occasion went hand-over-hand up a rainbow to pay him a visit. He himself was once powder-monkey in the Volcano bomb, and he will tell you a story of his falling asleep in the mortar at the bombardment of Toulon, and his *body* being discharged from its mouth instead of a *carcase*. With all the precision of an engineer, he will describe his evolutions in the air when they fired him off, and the manner in which he was saved from being dashed to pieces in his fall. All this he repeats without a smile upon his countenance, and he expects you to believe it: but you may soon balance the account, for tell him what absurdity you will, he receives it with the utmost credulity, and is convinced of

its truth. His courage is undoubted, for he will stand on the deck undismayed amidst the blood and slaughter of battle; yet, on shore, he is seized with indescribable apprehensions at the sight of a coffin. The wailings of distress find a ready passport to his heart; but to disguise the real motives which prompt immediate aid, he swears that the object of his charity does not deserve a copper, yet gives a pound with only this provision,—that the individual relieved does not bother him about gratitude. You may know him from a thousand; for though in his dress conspicuously neat, and his standing and running rigging in exact order, yet they are arranged with a certain careless ease, as if he had but just come down from reefing topsails. The truck at the mast-head does not sit better than his tarpaulin hat, neither does the shoe upon the pea of the anchor fit tighter than his long-quartered pumps. Grog is his ambrosia, his *neck-tar*; and he takes it cold without sugar, that he may have the full smack of the rum. And these are the characters at Greenwich Hospital, who after fighting the battles of their country are honoured with a palace. Oh, it was a proud display of national gratitude to such brave defenders! England has been compared to a huge marine animal, whose ports were its mouths, and whose navy formed its claws. What, then, is Greenwich but a receptacle for superannuated claws? I dearly love to get amongst them,—nearly two thousand shattered emblems of Britain's triumphs,—the returned stores of our naval glory. Ay, there they are, with their snug little cabins, like turtles under their shells."

One of several ghost stories concludes our specimen:—

"The next trial of my nervous system was at Sierra Leone. I was then in a frigate, and as fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast), the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this at a village about six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed: and as I was particularly desirous to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the 'ghost' on my road. On the way-side stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife; and ever since, the lady, or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond this house were the remains of a negro village, which, previously to colonisation, had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure; but I strove to laugh at the joke passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that 'the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport.' The empty boast still flattered on my heart, and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered negroes as they came howling on the gale, whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black cloud, thick with darkness, overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when, in a moment, he stopped, threw out his fore-legs, and reared upon his haunches, while streaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance, and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance. Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something supernaturally terrific. At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; for right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated, 'Don't be alarmed! 'tis only Uncle Joey!—So, so, poor fellow! so, so!' The horse, hearing a well-known sound, became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drank rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so, getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid), and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection. I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting. Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instil pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Jokeys."

The Autobiography of Jack Ketch, with Fourteen Illustrations from Designs by Meadows. 12mo. pp. 358. London, 1834. Churton. NOTWITHSTANDING its unpropitious title, we took up this volume in the fancy that it might

present to the author's literature even to be served to soon extend ten pages matter-of nothing lives of As these down, in of vulgarity the tragic alike of the stories in the able to not exhibit sample of we think quote from already humorous "It is candour modern our auto obscure justifying of clippings may speculate of apply head. I flower h and to reflection nounce experience Ketch I drew fav tremblin tion." In the book "No moralist be learned opinion that I marking books a even of by poss may fail the doct We c would dealers the mu mark! I volume Reas ing sha "W judices consid and na surd. make solved, horizon— what What man's as is the ghost. To pay the the done a

present us with a clever caricature satire on the autobiographical failures of our ordinary literature; of which hardly one in fifty is even tolerably readable. And its opening, too, served to encourage the belief; but it was soon extinguished; for, after the first eight or ten pages, Mr. Ketch becomes as dull and matter-of-fact as his fellows; and we have nothing out of the common incidents in the lives of pickpockets, thieves, and murderers. As these are told, without much softening down, in their own language, we have enough of vulgarity and swearing; and the lowness of the tragedies, it must be owned, deprives them alike of interest and pathos. Whether any of the stories may be found fit to be dramatised, in the existing state of the stage, we are unable to anticipate; but, at any rate, we will not exhibit aught of them on our page. As a sample of the writer's capability to have done, we think, better with a better subject, we shall quote from the few pages to which we have already pointed. The advertisement is quietly humorous.

"It may be deemed a pleasing evidence of candour to confess that, in accordance with a modern usage adopted by other great authors, our autobiographer has called in the aid of an obscure man of letters, for the purpose of adjusting his somewhat capricious orthography,—of clipping his vernacular tongue, so that it may speak with fluency and correctness,—and of applying salutary bandages to Priscian's head. He has also employed him to stick a flower here and there, throughout the volume; and to throw in the required amount of moral reflection. He has been further advised to announce the publication of his more mature experience under the unambitious title of 'The Ketch Papers,' should the public receive with due favour the performance which he now tremblingly commits to its merciful consideration."

In the same spirit is the commencement of the book.

"No book was ever written," says our great moralist, "but something, however small, may be learned from it." I quite coincide in the opinion of our great moralist, at the same time that I beg to qualify my acquiescence, by remarking, that in these our later times many books are written from which no information, even of the most trivial or minute kind, can by possibility be gathered of a nature such as may fairly be supposed to be comprehended in the doctor's aphorism."

We cordially agree with this conclusion; and would respectfully refer a number of periodical dealers in useful knowledge, information for the multitude, criticism, (Heaven save the mark!) &c. &c. &c. to this category of larger volumes.

Reasons on behalf of a preference for hanging shall appropriately conclude our notice.

"With all due respect, however, to the prejudices and weakness of mankind, I must still consider this repugnance to our truly national and natural mode of dying singular, if not absurd. For what possible difference can it make to any person, I should be glad to be resolved, whether he die in a perpendicular or a horizontal position?—whether he lie or hang?—whether he be suspended or extended? What possible choice can there be, in a wise man's estimation, between giving up the ghost, as is the chamber usage, or giving in to the ghost, which is the custom of the forewarned? To pay the debt of nature in one's bed is to do the thing lazily and reluctantly which must be done at last; to discharge the amount betimes

of a morning, well dressed (I admire a neat and respectable apparel on such occasions), is not only to wipe off the score, but to satisfy it strictly according to law. You have witnesses to prove the payment. You carry away a receipt for all demands. You are out of her books, at all events, even though you 'stand aye accused in the Calendar.' Besides, and in addition, the death itself is an honourable one. You meet and satisfy the justice of the case: no man has the slightest claim against you:—you are absolved from every thing. Who can say he is wronged? who is not redressed? What personal wrong have you committed for which your death does not amply atone? Look, on the other hand, on those who are unhappily hurried away before their maturity of years or wisdom brought them to the gallows. How different is this picture! Here we see long-existing debts, outstanding feuds, unaccounted and unaccountable hostilities, hungry relatives, expecting legatees, joyful heirs; grief at three-and-sixpence a day, called mutes; extract of onion, called tears; white handkerchief, otherwise mouth-stopper, or nose-prop, or both, called mourning. Be assured, therefore, my dear reader, that 'the drop' is the drop of all others best calculated to prove a cordial to your sinking spirits. Believe me, it is far better that your personal property should be taken possession of by the considerate executioner, than by the rapacious executor. Rest satisfied that it is more gratifying and honourable to be cut down, than to be cut off in the prime of existence; be assured that the thread of life is more handsomely terminated by a few yards of rope, than by the lengthiest yarn that was ever penned by the panegyrist, or paid for to the poet; and, finally, that they who boast of having been descended from a long line of ancestors, have not half the cause of triumph which you will possess, who may justly claim the merit of descending from a long line, without any assistance from your ancestors whatever. Need I say more, intelligent reader, to prove the surpassing superiority of this method of demise over all others? Nor let the vulgar prejudice of ignorance bias you against the truly noble and excellent contrivance which, let me trust, you are one day to test in your own person. You do not die and make no sign; on the contrary, although it is said that 'good wine needs no bush,' yet, let me tell you, without such intimation we should not know where good wine was to be had. You are an emphatic sign, therefore, hanging forth for the purpose of catching the eye of the passenger, that he may learn where better accommodation is to be found than this vile tavern called the Globe pleases to afford. Was not the coffin of Mahomet suspended between heaven and earth, and does it not retain its impartial situation to this day? Does not the earth itself hang in the infinity of space? What does the moon? Hang. What does the sun? Hang. The stars? Hang. They are all hanged. Hang it, then! why can't you hang likewise? Let it not be said that I do not 'do unto others as I would they should do unto me.' My time is not yet come; besides, I can do it for myself. Look, then, upon the summons to hanging as the call of Nature. The ties of Nature are strong; she yearns for her children; she will have them come and see her; she invites them to an ordinary at eight o'clock; she wishes them to take the air for an hour. At length she dismisses them to their beds, which, whatever way they had chanced to prefer, they must come to at last. I am the chamberlain—I *tuck them all up.*"

Arfwedson's America.
(Second notice.)

THIS work grows upon us with better acquaintance; and, even after all that has recently been published respecting America, will, as it deserves, be read both with pleasure and instruction. Continuing our course with it till we have seen it entire, (which, however, we have done within a few pages of the last volume), we shall this week merely add a few more to our last week's picturesque and entertaining extracts. Embarking at Montgomery for Mobile, our author descended the Alabama for 500 miles, during four days and four nights, in a steamer.

"The Alabama is one of the most romantic rivers in the south; its lofty, ever-varying, and highly cultivated banks, must, in the summer season, present the finest views. Immense quantities of wild ducks and wild turkeys were constantly disturbed by the paddles of the steam-boat; but we often passed through flocks of them without causing the least fright. At one place we met with a number of deer swimming across the river, which shewed so little fear of the steamer, that the steersman purposely allowed her to touch one of them. A chase followed, which ended in the boat running down some of the swimming animals, and drowning them in the agitated waves."

Mobile is a growing place, with considerable trade in cotton, &c., but is ill situated, from the mouth of the river being difficult of access and full of sand-banks. Mr. Arfwedson was dissuaded from crossing the country by the mail to New Orleans, on account of the badness of the road, but determined on trying it, and started in the stage.

"The road cuts in an oblique direction through projecting points of land of the states of Alabama and Mississippi, and traverses a country filled with woods and swamps. On arriving at the landing-place, I found a steam-boat intending to proceed with the mail-bags to Lake Pontchartrain; but she was still undergoing repair, with one of her chimneys taken down, on which two smiths were hard at work hammering and repairing. Seeing her in this state, I naturally supposed that her departure was not near at hand, and therefore went on shore with the intention of taking a short walk. The captain had hardly observed my departure, when, offended probably at my boldness in coming to a conclusion without consulting him, he cried out in a tone of voice distinguished by any thing but mildness, 'Excellent! a passenger less! Take away the planks! put the wheels in motion!' I lost no time in returning, and endeavoured to make the captain understand, that, as the boat was not yet ready, she could not start. 'Who told you that?' asked the gallant tar, still more excited; 'people now-a-days pretend to understand what they know nothing about.' The sentence was hardly finished before the vessel was in motion. The chimney was raised in a twinkling, and fastened to the sides by chains; but so loosely and imperfectly, that, like the pendulum of a clock, it swung to and fro every twenty yards that the boat advanced. Soot and smoke issued through apertures still left unrepaired, and covered deck and cabin with a dense cloud, at times almost suffocating. To protest against this annoyance was of very little avail with a man of this stamp. Neither, indeed, was it possible to make any complaint, as the worthy captain, feeling his eyes rather heavy from the effect of drinking, had retired to his berth, and said to his black servant whilst locking the door, 'Wo to him who ventures to disturb me! If the boat should take fire you may wake me,

A Treatise on Nautical Surveying: containing an Outline of the Duties of the Naval Surveyor: with Cases applied to Naval Solutions, and Miscellaneous Rules and Tables useful to the Seaman or Traveller, by Commander E. Belcher. 8vo. pp. 290. (London, Richardson.)—The professional talents and experience of Commander Belcher are well known and most highly appreciated by every one acquainted with the state and history of the British navy; but all the services he has so meritoriously and honourably performed sink into nothingness, when compared with the single great service he has done by producing this work. How much such a Treatise has been wanted, and that it should not have appeared in our scientific literature, is a surprising circumstance; and it is now quite as gratifying to find, when at last it has been done, it has been done so admirably. The greatest maritime power which the world ever saw can best appreciate its value; and all naval and nautical men will hail it with the welcome due to so important a work of practical instruction. Every mode of survey is clearly taught; and Rodney, Duncan, Collingwood, and Neelson, yet unborn, will confess their obligations to our able and gallant contemporary. It would be in vain for us to attempt to enter upon the numerous details: suffice it to say, that in the directions laid down, the observations made, the information furnished, and the charts, &c. to illustrate the whole of this volume is a perfect treasury for the sailor.

The Book of Science: Second Series: comprising Treatises on Chemistry, Metallurgy, Mineralogy, Crystallography, Geology, Orpology, and Meteorology, by John M. Moffatt. (London, Chapman and Hall.)—Upon this miniature quarto we can bestow no lower encomium than that it is admirable! To young and old, and especially to the former, it must impart, not only a love, but an understanding of science. We do not immediately recollect what we said of the first series—and have not time to refer; but we presume it resembles the present volume; and in that case we are free to declare our opinion, that huge folios are not so well calculated to delight and instruct every one, as the most learned, class of readers as these four-inch square productions. Mr. Moffatt's research and industry have done justice to his various subjects; and his little book is beautifully illustrated and embellished.

Young Hearts, by a Recluse, prefaced by Miss Porter. 8vo. 12mo. (Saunders and Otley.)—A juvenile effort,—a drawing which may turn a bright day, but is yet hardly sufficiently high for the public horizon to be looked upon with gratification. We say thus much in deference to the accomplished lady who has written the preface; though we shall henceforward set our faces against the growing practice of associating adventitious names with new publications, as editors, prefacers, or in other capacities—intentionally, no doubt, for the honourable portion of the parties who have done so; but still calculated to mislead incautious readers and purchasers.

The Horse, in all his Varieties and Uses, &c. &c. by John Lawrence. 12mo. pp. 376. (London, Washbourne.)—A new edition, and a series of our best and best known garrulous and facetious (sometimes a little too facetious) old friend; with his portrait in front, and an addition of fifty or sixty congenial pages in the rear. The utility of the original work being generally known and acknowledged, we shall simply copy an anecdote from the new matter: "An old jockey, bedridden, and obviously making for the ending-post with hasty strides, was visited by a friend. As a matter of course, he inquired of the invalid as to his condition, and chance of winning, &c., and particularly if a clergyman had been called in. Being answered in the negative, he offered to go for one; to which the dying jockey demurred, and asked a short time for consideration. This was given, and shortly afterwards the visit was repeated, and the answer required, which Sam gave him, with many thanks, in these appropriate terms: 'No, sir, thank'ee kindly; but I shall stand it out—I don't intend to hedge.' And so he departed for that country where there are no hedges to be made."

The Little Village's Verse Book: consisting of short Verses for Children to learn by Heart; in which the most familiar images of Country Life are applied to excite the best Feelings of Humanity and Piety, by the Rev. W. L. Russell. 3s. 6d. (London, J. Bulcock.)—This is a new edition of one of the sweetest and best little publications in the English language. It is for village children; but no children of city or solitude could dwell upon a page of it without having the finest emotions of the heart stirred up, and the purest contentedness of conduct inculcated by its perusal. Like "Watts's Hymns," but more poetical and finely polished, these charming verses are redolent of simple nature, and of simple yet deeply important instruction. We may write warmly in their praise, as we have done before; but it will be forgiven when we mention, that ours has been the delight to witness their practical application, when Mrs. Bowles, in her beautiful ministry, has assembled her groups of cottage children, after the Sabbath service, on the green lawn of Bremhill Parsonage. A sight more lovely can hardly be imagined: here, at least, the church needs no reform.

A Letter to a late Cabinet Minister on the present Crisis, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P. pp. 68. (Saunders and Otley.) 3d Edition.—But for the high literary name of the writer, we would scarcely notice this strong political pamphlet, which is a bitter attack, past, present, and anticipative, on the Duke of Wellington. The daily newspapers have almost gutted it for quotations, which better express their opinions than they could do themselves; and so far Mr. Bulwer has been an efficient ally to the side of opposition, inclining on the plane of radicalism. His main argument is, that he has a right, from

by-gone experience, to prejudge the future of a ministry formed by the Duke of Wellington; upon which our sole observation shall be an anecdote. At a club the other evening two adverse politicians were contending on this subject: "And how," said one, "can you venture to condemn an administration which you cannot yet tell will be anti-reform or liberal?" "From the length of time taken in forming it," observed a listener, "I think its name and character may be known at once." "And what is that name and character?" asked the disputant. "The DILATORY Administration!"

The Pulpit. Vol. XXIV. 8vo. Pp. circ. 440. (London, Sherwood and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliphant.)—A valuable and godly continuation of an excellent work; containing some of the ablest efforts of eminent living divines. As one of our sterling and deserving contemporaries, we hail the permanent and increasing success of the *Pulpit*. This volume has a portrait of the Rev. M. Martyn, chaplain at Bengal: the sermons are above forty in number, and their preachers nearly as numerous.

Robert d'Artois, or, the Heron Fair: a Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. (London, Marsh.)—Of the date of the fourteenth century, this romance is clothed in quaint language and antique terms. It is built on historical facts in France and Flanders; but we cannot say that it is possessed of much interest. The tapestry is wrought with figures of the age, but they do not live and breathe, and force us to take part in their fortunes.

Memoirs of celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson. Second edition, enlarged and corrected. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—The just popularity which has attended this work has speedily led to an improved edition—by which we mean to be understood, an edition really improved throughout, and not merely on the title-page. It is a very delightful publication, and for the sex, and the young, none more pleasant could be named.

Selections from Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 326. (London, Moxon.)—Another new edition, and of a charming body of poetry, whose purity and grace eminently entitle it to the affection of the rising generation.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—First meeting of the session 1834-5. A long list of donations made to the Society's library during the recess was read; also a letter from Captain Back, dated Fort Reliance, 62° 48' north lat., 109° 10' west long., 25th April last. This communication stated generally his proceedings through the winter, and the hardships which himself and party had undergone, in consequence of the severity of the season; but as his position was not changed from the date of a former letter fully transcribed and commented upon in the *Literary Gazette*, it furnished no new geographical fact. Extracts from a memoir by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart., were likewise read. It contained an account of his travels in the Beylik of Tunis, and was illustrated by a map and eighty beautiful drawings. Sir Grenville's route was from Algiers by sea to Bona, Tunis, round Cape Bon to Susa, &c. The portion of his journal which was read related to the present aspect of the ancient site of Carthage. He remarks that, though prepared to find but few vestiges of the former grandeur of Carthage, his heart sunk when, on ascending one of the hills, from the summit of which the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country, he beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Two wretched villages, and the little Fort of St. Louis, in which are interred the remains of Louis the Ninth of France, are the only inhabited spots within the vast precincts of the ancient walls; and the scene that was once animated by the presence of nearly a million of active and warlike inhabitants, is now buried in the silence of the grave—no living soul appearing, excepting a soldier going to or returning from the fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former temple or palace. In short, solitude and silence held undisputed sway over the whole scene—a scene which impresses on the mind a feeling of melancholy difficult to shake off.

At the meeting on Monday evening, Mr. Murchison in the chair, a portion of a paper,

entitled "A Journey to Mount Sinai," by Major Felix, was read. The party consisted of Lord Prudhoe, the author, and an English servant of his lordship, Mohammed, the interpreter, whose life has been written under his Italian name of Giovanni Finati, and Maimnood, an Arab. When every arrangement had been made, the travellers paid a visit to the patriarch of Mount Sinai, who resides in a convent at Cairo. He was a gentlemanly old man, with a venerable grey beard, but quite as ignorant as the rest of his brethren, from none of whom could the travellers get the least information about a road which many of them had frequently traversed, as their object is to get over the journey quickly, to take as little notice of what they see, and to ask the fewest possible questions, for fear of exciting the jealousy of the Arabs. The patriarch gave them coffee and sweetmeats, and when they took leave, not only presented Lord Prudhoe with a letter of introduction to his brethren of the Mount, but recommended his lordship to bestow a large donation on the convent, for the benefit of the ancient and deserving order of the monks of Sinai. In the meantime, without proceeding farther with the travellers, we subjoin the following remarks on the passage of the Red Sea. The author says, that the Israelites could not have passed the Red Sea more than four miles above Suez, in consequence of the coral bottom; and as there are no vestiges of remains in that direction, Suez has a very fair claim to be considered as standing on the site of Pi-hahiroth, which the author elsewhere observes is quite an Egyptian word. *Pi* is the definite article; and the whole word so much resembles El-hahiroth (the virtuous city), which we call Cairo, that it very possibly had this meaning, and recorded some triumph of Egyptian arms in Asia.—It was announced from the chair, that the royal premium for the present year would be bestowed on Lieutenant Burnes, for his most valuable explorations in Asia; and the members were requested to render the meeting as numerous as possible, to do full honour to this distinguished traveller.—Sir George Rose and Lieutenant Allen, who surveyed the Niger, were elected members.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 19. Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Austen was first read, on an ancient beach containing recent marine shells, thirty feet above the level of the sea, at Hope's Nose, near Babbacombe, and on the Watcombe Fault. A communication was afterwards commenced, entitled, "Some facts in the geology of the central and western portions of North America, collected principally from the statements and unpublished notes of recent travellers," by Mr. Rogers, of Philadelphia.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

APARTMENTS have been allotted to this Society in that wing of Somerset House occupied by the Royal Society, the Antiquaries, and the Geological Society; in which the first meeting of the session took place, Mr. Baily in the chair. A long paper on Dr. Halley and his observations, by the president, was read. To this memoir we shall have occasion to revert. Supplement to a paper on the latitude and longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, by Mr. Henderson. The determination from Mr. Falow's observations, in 1829 and 1830, gave the longitude of the Cape Observatory 1° 13' 55".8

* This gentleman preceded Mr. Henderson at the Cape Observatory.

east. Mr. Henderson deduces $1^h 13^m 54^s.4$ from his own observations in 1832 and 1833. The mean is $1^h 13^m 55^s.1$, which, rejecting the $0^s.1$, Mr. H. proposes to adopt until the uncertainty is removed. The difference of longitude of Greenwich and the Cape is determined from seventeen observations of the moon's first limb, and six observations of the second; that of Cambridge and the Cape, from sixteen and eight of the first and second limb.—Seven fellows were proposed.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR DECEMBER.

21^d 13th 30th—the Sun enters Capricornus, and winter commences.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Aquarius	7	12	43
☾ Full Moon in Taurus	15	16	55
☾ Last Quarter in Virgo	23	0	50
☾ New Moon in Sagittarius	29	19	13

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Sagittarius	2	6	46
Uranus in Capricornus	5	14	46
Jupiter in Taurus	14	3	23
Mars in Gemini	17	13	44
Mercury in Sagittarius	28	14	31
Venus in Sagittarius	28	21	10

Occultations.—8^d—the Moon will occult π Piscium; immersion, $9^h 55^m$; emersion, $11^h 4^m$. $11^d 1^h$ ξ Ceti; immersion, $10^h 6^m$; emersion, $11^h 25^m$. 17^d m Geminorum; immersion, $5^h 52^m$; emersion, $6^h 45^m$. 20^d δ Leonis; immersion, $17^h 6^m$; emersion, $18^h 19^m$.

$10^d 15^h$ —the Moon in apogee. $26^d 18^h$ —in perigee.

Eclipse of the Moon.

15^d—a partial eclipse of the Moon visible at Greenwich: the following are the circumstances:—

	H.	M.
First contact with the penumbra	14	0
First contact with the dark shadow	15	19
Middle of the eclipse	16	48
Last contact with the dark shadow	18	17
Last contact with the penumbra	19	35

Digits eclipsed, $8^{\circ} 6'$ on the Moon's southern limb.

At Dublin the first contact with the dark shadow will occur at $14^h 54^m$; the last contact with the dark shadow at $17^h 52^m$. At Edinburgh, $15^h 6^m$ and $18^h 4^m$. At York, $15^h 15^m$ and $16^h 12^m$.

The commencement of the eclipse will be visible to the western parts of Asia, the whole of Europe and Africa, and North and South America. The termination of the eclipse will be visible to the western parts of Europe, a small portion of Western Africa, near the Canaries, the whole of North and South America, and the north-eastern regions of Asia.

The eclipse will take place on the borders of Via Lactea, between the two stars at the extremities of the northern and southern horns of Taurus. Jupiter will be to the west, close to the Hyades, and Mars to the east, amidst the bright stars in Gemini. To the south of the eclipsed Moon will be shining the brilliant constellations Orion, and Canis Major: the appearance of the heavens will be singularly beautiful and interesting.

2^d 13^h 19^m—Mercury stationary. $11^d 1^h 18^m$ —greatest western elongation ($20^{\circ} 10'$), and visible as a morning star. 14^d —in conjunction with ν Scorpii; difference of latitude $10'$. $29^d 9^h 1^m$ —descending node. $30^d 17^h 39^m$ —in conjunction with Venus.

$12^d 18^h 21^m$ —Venus ascending node. $18^d 15^h$ —in conjunction with ι Sagittarii. $21^d 3^h 48^m$ —inferior conjunction with the Sun.

Mars, at the close of the month, will be near its place of opposition to the Sun (it attains this point 24 January, 1835), when it will be

observed and compared with the numerous fixed stars in Gemini, near which it is passing, by most of the observatories in the northern and southern hemispheres, for the purpose of determining its parallax. It has not been so favourably placed, when in opposition, for several years; many small stars lie in its path, whose places are well ascertained, to some of which it will make a close approach. Sir John Herschel is of opinion that the ruddy hue of this planet does not arise from a dense atmosphere surrounding it, but from an ochrey tinge on the general soil, like what the red sandstone districts on the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars, only more decided: the outlines of what may be called continents and seas are distinctly to be seen on the disc. As a telescope object, Mars will be increasingly interesting throughout the month.

21^d—Vesta three quarters of a degree north of 4 Tauri. 4^d —Juno, one degree and three quarters north of γ Capricorni. Pallas, half a degree south of 6 Serpentis. 8^d —Ceres two degrees north of 30 Libræ.

17^d—Jupiter in a line with α Tauri and Aldebaran.

Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, emersion	1	13	30	38
	3	7	59	20
	8	15	25	24
	10	9	54	8
	15	17	20	18
	17	11	49	4
	19	6	17	48
	24	13	44	11
	26	8	13	0
	31	15	39	25
Second Satellite, emersion	3	17	11	34
	7	6	30	21
	14	9	7	19
	21	11	44	13
	28	14	21	6
	2	15	49	3
Third Satellite				
immersion	31	5	27	20
emersion	31	7	53	3

11^d—Saturn in conjunction with ι Virginis; difference of latitude $26'$. 31^d —major axis of the ring $38^{\circ} 92'$; minor axis $9^{\circ} 15'$; the northern plane of the ring illuminated.

16^d—Uranus in conjunction with μ Capricorni; difference of latitude $3'$.

Depthford.

J. T. BARKER.

THE DEEPEST MINE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[For the following well-written and interesting account we are indebted to the able provincial contemporary, the name of which is appended to it.]—*Ed. L. G.*
The shaft at present sinking at Monkwearmouth Colliery, near Sunderland, has attained a considerably greater depth than any mine in Great Britain (or, estimating its depth from the level of the sea, than any mine in the world). Pearce's shaft at the Consolidated Mines in Cornwall was, till lately, the deepest in the island, being about 1470 feet in perpendicular depth, of which 1150 feet are below the surface of the sea. The bottom of Wolf's shaft (also at the Consolidated Mines) is 1230 feet below the sea; but its total depth is less than that of Pearce's shaft. The bottom of the Monkwearmouth shaft is already upwards of 1500 feet below high-water mark, and 1600 feet below the surface of the ground. It was commenced in May 1826. The upper part of the shaft passes through the lower magnesian limestone strata which overlap the south-eastern district of the Great Newcastle Coal-field, and which, including a stratum of "freestone sand" at the bottom of the limestone, extended at Monkwearmouth to the thickness of 330 feet, and discharged towards the bottom of the strata the prodigious quantity of 3000 gallons of water per minute.—For the raising of which into an off-take drift, a double-acting steam-engine, working with a power of from 180 to 200 horses, was found necessary. The first unequivocal stratum of the coal formation, viz. a bed of coal $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, was not reached till August 1831 (being about 344 feet below the surface), after which the tremendous influx of water which had so long impeded the sinking operations was "stopped back" by a cylindrical "metal tubing" or casing, fitted (in a series of small portions) to the shaft, and extending from below the above bed of coal to within 26 yards of the surface. The sinking now proceeded with spirit—still, no valuable bed of coal was reached, although the shaft had passed considerably above 600 feet into the coal measures, and much deeper than had hitherto been found requisite for reaching some of the known seams. It became evident that the miners were in unknown ground. A new "feeder of water" was encountered at the great depth of 1000 feet, requiring fresh pumps and a fresh outlay of money. The prospects of the owners became unpromising in the eyes of most men, and were denounced as hopeless by many of the colliery-viewers! Coal-viewing, however, had as yet been limited to some 200 or 250 fathoms; and the views of the Messrs. Norton (the enterprising owners of this colliery) were not to be bounded by any ordinary feelings. On consideration rightly that the thickness of the coal formation might be vastly greater where protected by the superincumbent limestone, than where exposed to those denudations which in the neighbourhood of the "rise" collieries had probably swept away the strata through which their own shaft had hitherto been sunk; that they were, therefore, justified in anticipating the larger and known seams at greater depths; and that, in case these larger seams had (as was intimated) been split into smaller strata, the same causes which in other places had produced their subdivision might, at Monkwearmouth, have effected their junction. They continued, therefore, their sinking, and in October last reached a seam of considerable value and thickness, at the depth of 1578 feet below the surface; and presuming that this newly discovered seam was identified with the Benham seam of the Tyne (or Maudlin seam of the Wear), they are rapidly deepening their shaft, in anticipation of reaching theutton (the most valuable seam at no distant period, but which (if their anticipations are well founded) will be found at a depth approaching 300 fathoms from the surface! In the mean time, however, workings have very recently commenced in the supposed Benham seam. A party of scientific gentlemen descended into these workings on Saturday last, and aided by every facility and assistance which could be afforded to them by the Messrs. Pemberton, made several barometric and thermometric observations, the detail of which will be deeply interesting to many of our readers. A barometer at the top of the shaft (57 feet above high-water mark) stood at 30.518 , its attached thermometer (Fahr.) being 53° . On being carried down to the new workings (1584 feet below the top) it stood at 32.289 , and in all probability higher than ever before seen by human eye; the attached thermometer being 58° . Four workings or drifts had been commenced in the coal; the longest of them, being that "to the dip," 22 yards in length and nearly 2 in breadth—into the end of which the current of fresh air for ventilating the mine was diverted (and from which the pitmen employed in its excavation had just departed)—was selected for the following thermometric observations. Temperature of the current of air near the entrance of the drift, 62° (Fahr.); near the end of the drift, 63° ; close to the face or extremity of the drift, and beyond the current of air, 68° . A piece of coal was hewn from the face; and two thermometers placed in the spot just before occupied by the coal (their bulbs being instantly covered with coal dust) rose to 71° . A small pool of water was standing at the end of the drift. Temperature of this water at eleven fathoms, 70° ; three fathoms lower, 68° . A register thermometer was buried 18 inches deep below the floor, and about 10 yards from the entrance of the drift; forty minutes afterwards its maximum temperature was 67° . Another register thermometer was similarly buried near the end of the drift, and after a similar period indicated a maximum temperature of 70° . It was then placed in a deeper hole and covered with small coal; some water oozed out of the side of this hole to the depth of 6 or 8 inches above the thermometer, which, upon being examined after a sufficient interval of time, indicated a temperature of $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. A stream of gas bubbles (igniting with the flame of a candle) issued through the water collected in the hole; the bulbs of two very sensitive thermometers were immersed under water in this stream of gas, and indicated a temperature constantly varying between 71° and 72° . A thermometer was lowered to the bottom of a hole drilled to the depth of 24 feet into the floor of another of the workings, and the atmospheric air excluded from it by a tight stopping of clay; this thermometer being raised after the lapse of forty-eight hours, stood at 71° . The above observations will accord with the prevailing (and certainly well-grounded) opinion, that the temperature of the earth increases with the depth from the surface. It must not, however, be forgotten that causes may be assigned for an increase of temperature in this and other coal mines, independently of the presumed subterranean heat. Those who are familiar with coal mines must have frequently witnessed the effects of the enormous pressure of the superincumbent strata; and a weight of 25,000 or 30,000 tons, which had lately reposed upon the coal hitherto occupying the drift above described, had suddenly been transferred to the coal situated on the sides of this drift. Hence those constant indications of tremendous pressure—the cracking of the sides and roof, and "heaving of the floor," and the crumbling of their materials, furnishing admission of air and water to innumerable fragments of shale, coal, and pyrites—circumstances which are abundantly calculated to occasion an increase of temperature, both by mechanical compression and chemical decomposition, although wholly inadequate, as we conceive, to the generation of the temperature recorded on Saturday last; and the presence and lights of the pitmen were obviously unimportant in producing the effects remarked. Other experiments, however, in the prosecution of these inquiries are, with the obliging permission of the owners, contemplated at Monkwearmouth Colliery; and amongst the minor advantages arising from their magnificent undertaking, will doubtless be the solution of any remaining doubts of the existence of considerable subterranean heat at accessible depths beneath the surface of the earth.—*Durham Advertiser.*

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LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mr. DAVIES GILBERT, in the chair.—A portion of a valuable paper by Mr. Lyell, on the gradual rise of the land in Sweden, was read. It was intimated that the annual election of officers for the ensuing year would take place on Monday, St. Andrew's day (the anniversary of the Society) being on Sunday. We annex the following abstract of a paper on the mummy-cloth of Egypt; with observations on the manufactures of the ancients, by James Thomson, Esq. communicated by Dr. Roget. By subjecting the threads of various specimens of cloth enveloping Egyptian mummies to accurate microscopic examination, which was done at the request of the author, by Mr. Bauer, it was ascertained that they were formed exclusively of the fibres of linen, and not of cotton, as had been supposed; a conclusion which is corroborated by other considerations stated by the author. The paper was accompanied by drawings, exhibiting the appearance of the threads, both of cotton and of linen, when highly magnified; and concludes with an historical disquisition on the cloth manufactures of ancients, and the mention of experiments from which it is inferred that the principal colouring materials employed in dying the yarn were indigo and saffron.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HALLAM in the chair.—An ancient bronze sword found at Lymedale, in the island of Skye, a very fine specimen, was presented to the Society; but we could not catch the name of the donor.—An ancient spur, found in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, was exhibited.—Sir Thomas Philips communicated drawings and a description of the ancient canoe some time since found in the bed of a stream used as a drain for the adjoining land at North Stoke, near Arundel, on the estate of the Earl of Egremont, who has presented it to the British Museum. This curious specimen of ancient workmanship was cut out of one-half of an immense oak, divided longitudinally, being in length thirty-five feet, depth one foot four inches, and greatest width four feet six inches. It was probably the work of the aboriginal Britons, before, or very shortly after, the arrival of the Romans, and appears adapted only for river navigation. On clearing the bottom of the drain, the workmen came to what they supposed to be the trunk of a large tree; and the farmer tied a strong chain round it, and applied eleven horses to pull it out, when its real shape and purpose were discovered; and such was still the tenacity of the fibres, after having lain under water so many centuries, that it bore the resistance of the mud and earth in which it was buried, and came out without breaking, though the thickness of the bottom was not more than four inches and a half. Sir T. Philips mentioned some other instances of the discovery of much smaller canoes, cut from the solid trees, in England and Scotland.

ECLECTIC SOCIETY.

At a general meeting of this Society on Tuesday evening, the director in the chair, the silver medals were awarded to Thomas Beale, Esq. for his paper on the *Physeter macrocephalus*, and W. R. Birt, Esq. for his paper on the orbit and motion of the sun. Other routine business (elections, &c.) was transacted.

It was resolved, that a botanic garden be established, to be designated the "Botanic Garden

of the Eclectic Society;" which garden is to contain all the indigenous plants of Great Britain. Professor Usher gave his lecture on the language and poetry of the Hebrews. Mr. Birt read his paper on the Aurora-borealis. Mr. Samuel, optician, exhibited specimens of the efficacy of his slitting-machine in producing crystal lenses for spectacles, &c. Presents were received for the Society's museum and library, and the meeting adjourned for a month.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir and Cabinet of Modern Arts. 1835. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

A QUARTER of a hundred of as various, and, in most instances, of as beautiful embellishments as ever came under our critical notice.

A Portrait from real Life. Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by J. H. and J. Watt. This bewitching creature, and her title, remind us of Byron's lines (we quote from memory):

"I've seen your living beauties, warm and real,
"Worth all the nonsense of their beau ideal."

—*A Scene from Gismonda of Silvio Pellico.* Painted by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; engraved by W. Danforth. Full of tenderness and sentiment.—*Peasants of Naples.* Painted by H. Howard, R.A.; engraved by E. J. Portbury. Simplicity and beauty characterise all Mr. Howard's compositions; and this is one of the most pleasing of them.—*The Vintage, and Euphrosyne.* Painted by T. Stothard, R.A.; engraved, the first by J. Goodyear, the second by L. Stocks. Alas! poor Stothard! Every thing that we now see from his pencil reminds us at once of his powers, and of the loss which the arts have sustained by the deprivation of them.

By the by, a most faithful and admirable little whole length of him, drawn and engraved by Mr. Leigh, is at present circulating in private.—*The Deserted, and The Billet-Doux.* Painted by G. S. Newton, R.A.; engraved, the first by W. Danforth, the second by S. Sangster. He must have been a hard-hearted animal who could forsake the first of these subjects: not even the attractive charms of the second would be a sufficient justification for him.—*Haunts of the Sea-Fowl, and Prawn-Fishers.* Painted by W. Collins, R.A.; engraved, the first by J. Stephenson, the second by E. Perriam. Two of the subjects which Mr. Collins delights to execute, and in the execution of which he always delights the public.—*The Storm in Harvest, and Henry IV.'s First Interview with Gabrielle D'Estrees.* Painted by R. Westall, R.A.; engraved, the first by J. Outrini, the second by R. Staines. The first is a well-known and interesting composition; perhaps if not so well-known it would be more interesting: the second presents the amorous monarch to great advantage.—*Diana Vernon.* Painted by J. W. Wright; engraved by H. Cook. With a countenance, as it ought to be, replete with spirit and sensibility. Mr. Cook has finished it exquisitely.—*Ruins; Sunset;* painted by D. Roberts, engraved by R. Wallis: *Ancient Garden; Sunset;* painted by W. Danby, R.A., engraved by W. Hill: and *Sunset;* painted by G. Barrett, engraved by W. Hill. There is certainly no period of the twenty-four hours in which the beauties of landscape are so finely displayed as when

"The setting sun with yellow radiance lightens all the vale."

We scarcely know to which of these three charming compositions to give the palm. After

another close examination, we think we must assign it to Mr. Danby.—*The Twin Sisters.* Painted by Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A.; engraved by W. H. Simmonds. Of course the general arrangement of the original picture is preserved, and of course that is skilful and pleasing; but we are compelled to add that the drawing of the features is sadly spoiled.—*The Dorothea of Cervantes, and The Key-note.* Painted by J. G. Middleton; engraved, the first by J. Goodyear, the second by P. Lightfoot. With the exception of the somewhat too great length of the lower extremities, the "Dorothea" is one of the most sweetly feminine and graceful figures that we ever met with on canvass or on paper. The "Key-note" is not quite so much in unison with our feelings.—*Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen.* Painted by R. P. Bonington; engraved by H. Salmon. Full of the fine and characteristic qualities of the lamented artist.—*Italian Peasant.* Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; engraved by R. Hart. The expression is somewhat too aristocratic and refined for a peasant; but it is very piquant, nevertheless.—*Gulnare.* Painted by J. Hollins; engraved by H. Robinson. Is not the head rather too small in proportion to the figure? It is an error on the right side, however.—*Venice: the Sainte Salute.* Painted by C. Bentley; engraved by J. Thomas. In whatever direction the "City of Palaces" is approached, it presents features of grandeur and picturesque beauty.—*Pilgrims before a Shrine.* Painted by G. R. Lewis; engraved by F. Engleheart. The grotesque costume, especially of the females, in this clever little design, is highly amusing.—*La Pensée.* Painted by F. Stone; engraved by L. Stocks.

"What dost thou muse on, meditating maid?"

We think we could guess; and we will be bound that more than one of her swains are wrapt in a similar reverie.—*Fisher-Girl of Calais.* Painted by E. V. Ripplingill; engraved by P. Lightfoot. Very characteristic.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of A. Crowquill. No. II. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A LITHOGRAPHIC series, with puns amusingly drawn, and many characteristic traits to relieve the tedium of a dull half-hour. A leaf of "Beards," of every cut, is followed by one of portraits of travelling companions, and that again by a doctor's leaf, and a military leaf. From the penultimate we perceive that a razor is good for a hair-lip, a sword and a cudgel for cuts and bruises, a calf's head for consumption, a tailor taking measure of a dandy, applied when the *Fits* are frequent; and from the latter, though a cocked-hat is "placed over a senior officer's head," a drum rolls every morning, and so forth. They are trifles light as air, and to be breathed of accordingly.

Findens' Byron Beauties: a Series of Ideal Portraits of the principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. Engraved from original Paintings, under the superintendence of W. and E. Finden. Part I. Tilt.

WE confess that we are not very favourably disposed towards this species of pictorial representation. Of all the qualities of a painter, the power of depicting character and expression, even from a real and living model, is the one of most slow and difficult attainment. As Fresnoy observes, towards the close of his poem,

"The last, the hardest task remains untold—
Passion to paint, and sentiment 'unfolds."

It is only the greatest masters who are capable of such an undertaking; especially when the

subjects are of that lovely sex to whose beauty violent emotion is always more or less injurious; and still more especially when the archetype is sought, not at once in nature, but merely in vague poetical description. We should be doing great injustice to Messrs. Wright, Lewis, and Findens, if we were not readily to allow that the three plates before us are very sweet and attractive heads; but, with the exception, perhaps, to a certain extent, and for obvious reasons, of "Zuleika," they cannot be said to embody the ideas suggested by the poet. The name of "Donna Julia," for instance, would have served equally well for the portrait called "Donna Inez;" and the name of "Donna Inez" would have served equally well for the portrait called "Donna Julia." There is nothing peculiar or distinctive in either.

Barber's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight. Simpkin and Marshall.

HAVING repeatedly noticed this pretty little work in the course of its publication, we have now only to state that it is complete, and that it forms a very handsome and a very picturesque volume. The views do great credit to the talents both of the designers and of the engravers. In the preface it is justly observed:—"Few places of equal extent possess greater variety and beauty of scenery than this far-famed island; comprehending, as it does, within the space of a few miles, sublime coast views, terrific chasms formed by convulsions of Nature, richly cultivated plains, and romantic wooded seclusions. As the old rhymist, Michael Drayton (in his *Poly-Olbion*), picturesquely sings—

'Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britaine's grace;
nor is his remark less literally than poetically true, that

—the gentle south, with kisses smooth and soft,
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft;
a recommendation which every valetudinarian can so well appreciate."

Napier's Glorious Triumph over the Miguelite Squadron. Designed and drawn on stone by G. P. Reingale. Tilt.

THREE rather large prints, executed with great beauty, and, as far as we are able to judge of nautical matters, with fidelity and correctness. The first plate represents "the Squadron of Donna Maria closing with the Miguelite Fleet;" the second, "the Rainha de Portugal alongside the Miguelite Rainha, the Don Pedro passing under her stern, and the Donna Maria passing under the stern of the Princessa Real, previous to boarding; the Portuense and Villa Flor steering for the Martin Freitas, and the Don John, seeing the Rainha carried, making off;" the third, "the Don John rounding to, and hauling down her colours; the Rainha de Portugal wearing to chase the Martin Freitas, which was endeavouring to escape; and the Donna Maria securing her prize."

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

SUPPOSE, in our national School of Arts, that Shee, and Turner, and Beechey, and Phillips, and Callcott, and Wilkie, should not be seen on the walls of Somerset House; and that Etty, Mulready, Collins, Hilton, Pickersgill, Stanfield, and McClise, were obliged to exercise and exhibit their genius on little show-rooms in the neighbourhood of London: we should like to know what would be thought of the state of painting in England? We guess it would be held to be at rather a low ebb.

And such is precisely the condition of the sister imitative art of playing. The Kembles, and Macready, and Jones, are unemployed; the Listons, Vestris, Waylets, Yates, Orgers, Keeleys, Williams, Wilsons, Wrenches, driven into Minor holes and corners for subsistence; while troops of dancers and figurants occupy their stations on the proper field, and inferior talent is pushed into the foremost place, as if to bring the immortal works of our greatest dramatists into disrepute and contempt.

At Covent Garden, on Monday, *Othello* was so performed—Mr. Denvil the Moor, Mr. Vandenhoff *Iago*. Both actors lost much reputation by the attempt. *Othello* ranted what was Shakespeare's, and a good deal also of what was not; while *Iago*, to keep him in countenance, swaggered through his part as if Covent Garden Finish, and not Covent Garden Theatre, were the scene. The whole thing was a miserable misrepresentation; and in consequence of the failure, the partisans of the performers (with whom as usual the house was filled),* called them forward after their fall and that of the curtain, and gave them three rounds of applause; at which the very slender minority who had paid for entrance stared so much and so open-mouthed, that they could hardly hiss. To make amends, however, there was a new grand ballet, called *The Storm*; and such a storm for a wash-hand basin! The Parisian dancing-master disguised Shakespeare's *Tempest* into a dull ballet yclept *La Tempête*; and the doer for London further disguised *La Tempête* into a more wretched ballet yclept *The Storm*. A heavy storm—a moderate storm—a paltry storm; the music selected and composed by a man who has more of hurricane in his name than in his production—Mynheer Schneitzhoffer! which, being properly and emphatically pronounced, does sound something like a stiff breeze. Well, the ballet was no better than the tragedy—and worse it could not be; still, the unfair audience did not demand Mynheer von Sneez-off to appear and be applauded for his exertions; and somewhere between one and two o'clock the enchanted spectators were released from their night's sufferings. The only praise we have to bestow is, that a Mlle. Keppler pirouetted as cleverly as Proche Giubilei. One of our new ancies, &c. were shewn on the occasion. On Tuesday, after the still living but no longer lively *Manfred*, the same entertaining spectacle was repeated with equal effect; and on Wednesday the delights of Monday were most successfully reiterated, and fell like honey after honey on the public taste—so cloying, indeed, that, though announced for Friday, the considerate managers thought it might be too great a treat for the public, and therefore kindly shut the shop.

Drury Lane continues the *Red Mask* thrice a-week, upon which, after our last Saturday's criticism, we have little to say. The transplanting foreign operas to the English stage renders alterations necessary, even in their very construction. Recitation must be converted to dialogue, and frequently the principal singing parts transferred to actors, with the music either attached to other characters, or omitted altogether. How far this arrangement is doing

* The activity of these *chiquers* is most laudable. One night recently, when we were in a quiet critic's row in the pit, and some contention about an *encore* was rather long continued, two or three of these hirelings, not at all in the disguise of gentlemen, had time enough to descend from the boxes, and, rushing into the front of the pit, endeavoured to put down opposition by loud plaudits, and cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!"—meaning thereby to turn out the persons who had paid their money and impudently ventured to express their opinion. When they had done their work, they returned to the dress circle, which their dress disgraced.

justice to the foreign composers, or to the dramatic and musical talent of our own country, is not the present consideration; although it ought to form a material one in reviewing musical compositions and performances in general; and is one to which we shall unquestionably recur in our future notices of such works of art. Of the singers, we have (in addition) to remark the progress and executive powers of Miss Shirreff, in her delivery of very difficult passages, with a tone of precision equally admirable. In Mr. Templeton, improvement is most evident; his voice, which is a high tenor, approximating to contralto, has greatly improved in roundness and quantity; and he frequently reminded us of the first tenor of our Italian Opera—we willingly give our tribute to this performer's cultivation of his natural qualifications, but recommend to him less frequent recurrence to his falsetto notes, which, notwithstanding modern Italian precedent, are not recognisable in the true school of that country as "la voce autentica;" further, that he would seek the acquirement of more variety and freedom in his action, and, above all, pay a strict attention to the proper enunciation of English poetry; which recommendation, by the by, is eligible for the adoption of most of our English singers. Mr. Giubilei left a very favourable impression on us; and it is a remarkable fact, that the foreign performers who attempt English characters are (allowing for a certain portion of foreign accent) more distinct and intelligible in singing their words than the English themselves. Mr. Giubilei would benefit much by perseverance in the study of English accent—his voice is excellent, and his deportment graceful. Mr. Seguin has to boast of perhaps the finest quality of tone of any bass voice of the present day, as well as an extraordinary depth of compass; his intonation also is perfect, and he is most effective in concerted pieces; a study of oratorical delivery and ease of action would, however, greatly heighten his effect in his solo singing, as well as in his acting. Bedford, in the *Gondolier*, gave us "a little touch of his art" in genuine assumption of character. It would be well that our operas exhibited more of such specimens; for these are formed the excellence of singing and acting combined, as exhibited in the French national theatres—Opera Comique, Vaudeville, and Variétés.

On Tuesday a new farce by Capt. Addison, and constructed on Burns's inimitable *Tam O'Shanter*, whose name it bore, was produced with success. The *tableau* from Thom's group, of Farren as *Tam*, and Bartley as the *Souter*, was a happy hit; the effect of which, "Green grow the Rashies," sung by the former, increased to uproarious applause. *Dame O'Shanter* (Mrs. C. Jones), *Maggie* (Mrs. Fitzwilliam), *Jeanie* (Miss Murray), *Mrs. Macklewee* (Mrs. Broad), *David* (Webster), and *Roderick* (Brindal), made a capital cast, altogether, and contributed much to the entertainment of the audience.

ADELPHI.

THE first night of *The First Night*, or *my own Ghost*, befell here on Thursday. Reeve was in glory as *Pearl-button*, a tailor, who is driven from his home by an uncomfortable wife, and whose adventures in a garret lodging form the staple of a most laughable farcicality. Nothing could be more favourably received.

OLYMPIC.

On Thursday *How to get off*, a new burletta in four stages, went off with great élat. Liston has an excellent character in it, and that

is enough for success to any thing; but, in addition, Vestris as a French waiting-maid, Miss Malcolm a smart widow, and Mr. F. Matthews an intemperate serving man, filled up a measure of clever acting. Of a Thursday production we can say no more.

VICTORIA.

ON Wednesday *The Maid of Judah* was produced here—Miss E. Paton the heroine, Mr. H. Wallack the Jew, and Mr. Collins *Ivanhoe*. The house was crammed to the ceiling; and as the costumes and all the other appointments were in a dashing style, the curtain fell to such shouts as delight the ears of managers in trans-Thamian theatres. *The Wedding Supper*, and another humorous entertainment, appropriately and amusingly concluded the performances of the night.

THE STRAND THEATRE,

UNDER the excellent petticoat government of Mrs. Waylett, aided by her talents on the stage, opened, apparently, an entertaining and popular campaign on Monday; the pieces increasing in favour as the week advanced. *Wooring a Widow*, the *Turned Head*, and the *Four Sisters*, are already familiar to the public; and to these a new farce, by Mr. A. Beckett, called *Figaro in London*, was superadded, completing a very amusing evening's enjoyment. In the last, Forester is a smart and well-looking *Figaro*; and Williams, *Crop*, an opposition barber, almost ruined by the success of his foreign rival. Miss P. Horton (*Mrs. Figaro*), rather inclined to flirtations; and Oxberry, an exquisite, quite ready to indulge her in her taste. Mitchell is a shoeblack; Miss Forster (*Mrs. Crop*) of a jealous turn; and Josephine a *Figaro* junior. It is a laughable *jeu-d'esprit*, exceedingly well acted, and exciting bursts of laughter. Some political quips about wigs—quasi-Whigs, chancellors' curls remaining in as long as possible, &c. &c., were taken up by a few wise-acres as if they were grave political arguments; but the good sense of the majority put an end to the folly, and soon restored the general harmony. In the elder dramas, Mrs. Waylett acted and sang charmingly, and was effectively played up to by the performers we have mentioned, Chippendale, Miss Horton, Mrs. O. Hill, Miss Willmott, and others.

FITZROY.

HERE we have a nautical drama, called *Poor Jack*; Miss Clarke, described as "the inimitable, on the tight rope;" *Cramond Brig*, and other entertainments. To witness these the house has been well and respectfully filled; and Mr. Gann as *Poor Jack*, Mr. Johnston as *Sir Charles Flighty*, and Miss Pettifer as little *Tom Tackle*, particularly succeeded in winning the plaudits of their audience.

VARIETIES.

"A new Fish-sauce.—A countryman arrived at London was desirous of following the newest fashion. He heard gas was spoken of as being very superior to oil, but he had not the courage to ask any explanation on the subject. Going to dine at a chop-house, he ordered some turbot, and on being asked by the waiter whether he would take oil with his fish, he answered, 'No, I wish to try the new mode; give it me with gas.'—*The Cook*.

Relics of the late Houses of Parliament, &c.—Mr. Doubleday, whose vast collection of casts of ancient seals, coins, and medals, is in every respect so useful and interesting, has contrived

to frame a curious memorial of the recent fire, and of the structures which it destroyed. In a box, made out of a beam from under the Painted Chamber, is an impression of the old seal of St. Stephen's Chapel, from a charter of the time of Richard II., made of lead from the roof of the Chapel whence our Commons House derived its saintly name. The materials thus possess qualities which give them value as memorials of an extraordinary event; and the representation of the seal is itself an antiquarian curiosity worthy of being possessed.

Dr. William Carey.—On the 9th of June the death of this eminent oriental scholar is announced at Serampore. He was originally a poor mechanic—a working shoemaker; but devoting himself to the Calvinistic Baptist ministry, he studied the Eastern languages so successfully that in 1793 he was sent as a missionary to Bengal. There, and at Serampore, his labours have been continued most faithfully during a long period of years; and his translation of the "Ramayana," and other works from the Sanscrit, attest his general learning and great ability; while his labours to spread the Christian faith over Asia have raised a still higher and imperishable monument to his character.

The Journey; or, Cross-Roads to the Conqueror's Castle.—Under this title a capital picture game of movements, according to the chance directions of an arrow turning on a pivot towards certain points, has been sent us by Mr. Spooner, the publisher. We have tried it, and, though we lost, we will say, it is a nice and amusing sport for our young friends at the approaching holidays.

The Pseudo-princess Olive of Cumberland finished her strange career on the 21st; and, as a literary character, she deserves a niche among the Varieties of the day.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

On the General Principles of Political Representation, and on the Vicissitudes in the Value of Money, by the Author of *Essays on the Formation of Opinions*.—History of Greece, for the use of Schools, by Mr. Keightly.—The Game of Billiards clearly explained, by J. Tillot.—Memento of the Rev. Joseph Hughes, A.M., Originator and Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, by the Rev. J. Leifchild.—An Account of the Collegiate Chapel of Saint Stephen, at Westminster, by J. Topham, Esq.—History and present State of Van Diemen's Land, with the Official Correspondence on the subject of secondary punishments, by Geo. D. Wood, Esq.—The Practical Elocutionist, by Alexander Bell, Professor of Elocution.—A new work by Dr. Prichard on Insanity, and other Disorders of the Mind, with cases exemplifying various descriptions of madness.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—Upon a not very remote occasion your journal freely censured what appeared to be very underhand doings, in regard to an important architectural undertaking, then on the eve of its commencement. Allow me now to direct your attention to another quarter, where animadversion is quite as much called for as in the case of the National Gallery—perhaps the more so, because, while it is professed to throw the work open to competition, if appearances are to be trusted, it is merely a nominal pretext assumed in order to make a plausible show of liberality and fair play.

It is now some time ago since architects were invited, by public advertisement, to prepare designs (to be sent in before the 10th of April next) for the intended Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; yet, will it be believed that all the information furnished them consists of no more than a lithographic plan of the site on which the building is to be erected, and some extracts from Earl Fitzwilliam's will, regarding his bequest to the university?—which latter are utterly valueless for any architectural purpose. It is usual in such cases to issue a programme, defining what conditions are to be adhered to, and what particular accommodations must actually be provided; and it is obvious that, without some data of this sort, an architect has nothing whatever to guide him. So far from having any clue to the real wishes of those to whom the designs are to be submitted for approval, he must constantly feel checked by the chilling doubt, that, however successful he may be in preparing his design, the very point which should recommend it may be most fatal to it, because contrary to the preconceived views entertained, although not expressed, by those with whom decision rests. If, too, the Fitzwilliam syndicate are acting up to their professions, and are really anxious to obtain a design that shall do both them and the university credit, it is rather singular—more singular, indeed, than either liberal or politic on their part—that they should not have offered, by way of further stimulus to exertion, any premiums whatever; more especially as such rewards have before now been given in cases where the competition was itself a mere mockery, it having been previously determined who should be the actual architect.

This, then, is another rather sinister indication, almost justifying the suspicion that some party is already fixed upon as the architect of the intended building; nor is it very difficult to surmise who that individual will turn out to be. If those with whom the management of the business rests think fit to favour any one individual, they are at liberty to do so; but let them do so openly, and without any paltry trickery or deception: let them not hold out to others expectations which they have predetermined shall never be realised.

If they are actually guilty of such dishonourable conduct it is more than can be asserted without sufficient evidence; yet, by adopting the strange course they have done, and by withholding all requisite information, they are acting foolishly, if not dishonestly,—in a way that reflects so little credit upon their judgment, that I, for one, cannot help thinking the affair looks altogether like a mere blind, intended to carry with it the show of decent deference to the general opinion of the University, who, it may fairly be presumed, are anxious that the Fitzwilliam Museum should be a worthy architectural ornament to Cambridge.—I remain, sir, &c.

Nov. 25th, 1834.

AN ARCHITECT.*

L. L. R. will find a note at our office on Monday.

* We are unacquainted with the merits or demerits of this subject; but it is of public interest, and *Ad. Justitia*.—Ed. L. G.

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